

The Critic

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Poetic Justice.

NOT content with offering us romances bereft of the romantic element, fictions devised of the veriest facts, our modern novelists of the realistic school have adopted the fashion of omitting the *dénouement* from their plots. Month by month we have pursued the narrative of the hero's career in the pages of some popular magazine, and are eagerly awaiting the final issue, when, presto! the puppets are clapped under the showman's cloak, and we must needs follow him to his next camping-ground if we are fain to know the rest of the story. Each monthly instalment has ended with some new complication, some thrilling episode, some dramatic climax; it is only the concluding tableau which remains unimpressive. The author appears to agree with the Manager in the Prologue to 'Faust':

What use, a Whole compactly to present?

Your hearers pick and pluck, as soon as they receive it.

But while the Manager's ambition was first of all to please his audience, the novelists' readers are simply infuriated. A few years ago the advertising columns of the newspapers teemed with commendations of the 'partly-made shirts' of which a certain house made a specialty. True, the garments were scarcely ready for use, but the merest trifle of sewing would perfect them; your wife, your little girl, would laugh at the task, the advertisements told you; and then consider the price! The purchaser of one of our modern 'partly-made novels,' however, is compelled to finish the author's task gratuitously—a species of forced labor which is obnoxious to the spirit of our institutions.

A generation or two ago the novelist deemed it necessary in his concluding chapter to indicate the subsequent fortunes of all his characters, little and great. The reformed rake became a bishop, the repentant pickpocket a footman; the loves of the house-maid and the butcher's boy were sealed at the altar, and Respectability and Gigdom glittered within the reach of all. This was undoubtedly a ridiculous concession to the reader's curiosity; nowadays the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The interest which his characters inspire in the reader is a tribute to the author's art, and may rightly demand a reasonable gratification. It is a poor return for intelligent sympathy to pack your auditor off about his business as though he were an eavesdropper. An equally objectionable fashion in fiction is the trick of dismissing the reader with a bitter taste in his mouth. The hero comes to an untimely end—it is the untimeliness and not the tragic element which is bad art; the heroine is soured, disappointed, the broken lives imperfectly patched up, and reader and characters are alike disenchanted. I do not demand the expulsion of tragedy from fiction; far from it; but tragedy has its own laws, its own essential conditions, which the poet ignores at his peril. That striking and original romance, 'As it was Written,' is pure tragedy; but is 'The Mill on the Floss' tragedy? is 'The Princess Casamassima' tragedy?—is it even melo-

drama? To what category, indeed, do works like these and like 'Lemuel Barker' belong, in spite of their many admirable qualities, except to the inglorious company of fiascoes? To say that abortive results like these are frequent in real life is an aggravation of the original offence, so false a theory of art is revealed by the plea. Accept that theory, and the Chinese drama with its endless procession of ripples is the logical sequence. No, the poet is a creator, and master of his creatures' destinies. We have enough of real life already; 'the world is too much with us'; we are not so deeply enamored of the sordid, the trivial, the futile results of our own effort that we insist on finding their 'counterfeit presentment' in literature. Life indeed supplies his material to the artist, but we do not require the architect of a cathedral to reproduce in his work the geological stratification of the quarry from which his marble was hewn. By his exercise of the artistic functions of selection and arrangement, the novelist proves himself an artist and not a mere reporter, a mere photographer. Now the end of art is beauty, and the essence of beauty is harmony; a work of art must be judged as a whole, and if the total impression be not harmonious, it has failed of its effect. But the total impression is apparently the last thing which the realist has in view. If Paley's logician had discovered a copy of 'Lemuel Barker' instead of a watch, the 'argument from design' might have appeared less cogent.

No, the time-honored endings, where the good man reaped his reward and poetic justice was accomplished, were after all the best. It is the fashion to disparage them, and certainly they were often absurdly conventional. In antique novels of a certain type, if the hero was endowed with all the graces and all the virtues, sooner or later his lordly lineage was revealed. It was a fine thing for the poor but virtuous heroine to marry a lord, however stupid or ill-bred. But the error lay in offering material rewards for love and faith and fortitude, instead of a vindicated name, an approving conscience, a 'marriage of true minds.' Let us see the hero and heroine happy and contented, let us feel that 'their store is little, but their hearts are great,' and we shall be satisfied. Material success may be added, indeed, but it must never be offered as the test of worth. The fact that crude and imperfect effects have been produced in unskilled hands ought not to condemn an artistic formula. The love of poetic justice is at least as old as that exquisite story of 'Joseph and his Brethren' which has charmed so many generations. It will survive the present quirk, which to posterity will seem as fantastic a mark of mistaken sincerity as the warts and moles which disfigure the work of the early Pre-Raphaelites.

But surely a higher origin may be claimed for this instinct of ideality than a simple craving for artistic completeness. In its own blind way, the soul is forever reaching after eternal justice, immortal beauty; still yearning for a day when all wrongs shall be righted, the rough made smooth, the foul transformed to fair. 'When sweet Astræa wings her homeward flight' is still the song that echoes in our hearts. Out of our unsatisfied aspirations, our unrealized visions, we are forever building an altar to the ideal. Unconsciously we seek to reinforce our faith in a hereafter, to ally ourselves with the divine justice; escaping in fantasy awhile, shaking off in our dreams 'the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of disprized love,' we reconstruct the world in harmony with our longings, we restore Astræa to her ancient throne. It is not for nothing that women, the mothers of the race, endowed with an instinct for beauty that transcends all merely analytical qualities, are at the same time the greatest sticklers for poetic justice and the greatest optimists, the firmest believers in immortality. It is to ideas that ideas yield; and the tendency which I am now deploring is to me symptomatic of our modern semi-pessimism, if I may so call it, which itself is traceable to a weakening of ancient beliefs. Not to harp unnecessarily upon this theme,

which I have already developed in these columns, I cannot but regret the losing fight which the ideal principle seems destined to wage. In our material age the poet's voice is no longer known for the voice of God, however imperfectly transmitted. But the true-born singer, though unheeded as one that cries aloud in the desert, will never cease to repeat

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last—to all!

That is the lamp which it is the poet's mission to hold up to the world—a feeble and glimmering ray, perchance, yet doubtless kindled of old at the central fountain of light. Be it ours, 'on evil days though fallen,' to pass on the torch to our successors, a living and undiminished flame.

EDWARD J. HARDING.

Reviews

An Interpreter of Browning.*

PARTICULAR poets seem to be the special exponents, the poetic historiographers, of particular centuries. When historians have written and philosophers philosophized, there yet remains something—a *quiddam sidereum*, or 'starry somewhat'—to be done; and this the poets take up and fill out with suggestive summation. Thus in English poetry, Chaucer gives finest edge and point to whatever was best in the Fourteenth Century, and leaves that century forever memorable in the annals of English literature. Thus Shakspeare filled up even the 'spacious times of great Elizabeth' with his mighty personality, and lightened all around the great horizon with plays and poems. So, half a century later, comes the royal consummation of Milton, reflecting the Hebraic Puritanism of the age at a thousand points and speaking for it with a dazzling voice that is a mirror at the same time that it is a voice and a poem. Then, later on, Alexander Pope, like Boileau in France, turns up the prim epigram till it shines with a brazen shimmer and clutches within its decasyllables the whole sing-song, couplet-loving, apothegmic spirit of the age. Wordsworth came as a pastoral incarnation; Coleridge, a mystic half-hatched from his Twelfth Century shell; Keats, a re-incarnation of joyous mythologies; Shelley, a lamp of elemental fire, a spirit of pure light, like the un-fallen Arabian *jinns*: all four showing how wonderfully the human spirit had grown since Chaucer and how multitudinously it had come to voice itself. And then, increasingly complex, turbulent, tumultuous, the full Nineteenth Century, with the crowning exponent and consummation of its complexity, spiritual turbulence and tumult, in Robert Browning.

To him, in these suggestive essays on 'The Spiritual Ebb and Flow in English Poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson and Browning,' 'The Idea of Personality and Art as Embodied in Browning's Poetry,' 'Browning's Obscurity,' and 'Browning's Verse Technique,' Prof. Corson devotes himself as to the noteworthy figure of the time, taking him as the most encyclopædic and profound poet of the age, as the truest and richest incarnation of its psychologic doubts and difficulties, and the finest and most spiritual product of its complex phenomena. Browning is indeed a host in himself—a temple of Æolus with eight sides, a chameleon of changeable hues, an umbrella of Ole Luk-Oie whose marvellous ribs and spaces are painted over and over with mutable dream-pictures. Dramatist, lyrist, writer of epics, he attains his greatest splendor and originality in the psychologic monologue, the dramatic soliloquy, the vivid self-talk and glowing improvisation, wherein one man or one woman is made to have as many tongues as the forked lightning, and a brilliant emission of question and retort and coun-

ter-response all proceeds from a single throat. What Prof. Corson especially sees in him is his intense spirituality side by side with an intense intellectual energy. The intellectual in Browning is at all points and at all times suffused, penetrated by the spiritual, the emotional. There is no hyperborean philosophy in him that has not a tropic glow, no polar ice that is not wet with the dews of the tropics, no auroral glimmer that does not get its heat from the heart. The most voluminous of English poets, he fills every atom of his verse with himself, and through himself, with his century. It is all thus seen to be intensely egoistic, autobiographic in a certain sense, self-revealing: the 'burden of Robert Browning to his age.' The obscurities that are found in it are the obscurities of the time, which melt away before a steady glance or are growths of the soliloquizing style. As to his blank-verse it is often majestically musical, different from the idyllic blank verse of Tennyson or the pomp of Milton; and his purely lyric verse is often found to have an impassioned sweetness of cadence. Ruskin, Browning, and Carlyle all have something in common: a vast message to deliver, a striking way of delivering it, and an overmastering spirituality. In none of them is there mere smooth, smuck surface: all are filled with the fine wrinkles of thought wreaking itself on expression with many a Delphic writhing. A priest with a message cares little for the vocal vehicle; and yet the utterances of all three men are beautifully melodious. Chiefest of them all in his special poetic sphere appears to be Browning, and to him Prof. Corson thinks our special studies should be directed. His book is a valuable contribution to Browning lore, and will doubtless be welcomed by the Browning clubs of this country and England. He prints many characteristic poems at the back of the book, and annotates them where they need annotation. It is easy to see that Prof. Corson is more than an annotator: he is a poet himself, and on this account he is able to interpret Browning so sympathetically.

Sidney and the Elizabethans.*

AFTER a two years' interval, another volume has been added to the slowly-advancing series of English Men-of-letters. 'Sir Philip Sidney' (1), by Dr. John Addington Symonds, is one of the best issues in the well-known library edited by John Morley. It is clear, impartial, based upon due knowledge, and unusually interesting. The author's analysis of 'Astrophel and Stella,' one of the first of English poems, is thoroughly competent, and the thinner re-statement of the argument in Sidney's less valuable 'Defence of Poesie' is nevertheless adequate. If any one is in doubt whether Sidney was a 'man-of-letters' and not a mere 'worthy,' and that he deserves a place in this series, he can be set right by Dr. Symonds's attractive pages. Better still would it be to re-read the 'Astrophel' and the 'Defence' in the Boston edition of 1860, one of the gems of American printing, the handsomest presentation of Sidney's miscellaneous works ever made. We may add, in passing, that the English Men-of-Letters Series puts to shame the swollen two- and three-volume biographies too often published nowadays. If Dr. Symonds can put into 186 pages so good a picture of a man who was both poet and romantic courtier, verbose writers on modern celebrities may well take heed, and try to copy his method. In this volume the publishers change the well-known black-and-red binding of the series to a drab and blue. The change in itself is an improvement, for the titles of the old bindings were almost unreadable by gas-light; but owners of the whole set will grieve to see its uniformity destroyed.

Sidney and his Stella and his relatives are several times mentioned in a curious but solemnly-attractive book called 'Society in the Elizabethan Age' (2), by Hubert Hall. The

* An introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry. By Hiram Corson. \$1.50. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

* 1. Sir Philip Sidney. By J. A. Symonds. (English Men-of-Letters Series.) 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2. Society in the Elizabethan Age. By Hubert Hall. \$3.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

author takes a typical landlord, steward, tenant, burgess, merchant, host, courtier, bishop, official and lawyer, mostly from real life, and calmly and coldly proceeds to give a most pessimistic account of the 'good old times,' which he deems a bad old humbug. The days of good Queen Bess, he says, were days of oppression, litigation, theft, bribery, covetousness, shylockism, simony, lechery, ingratitude, drunkenness, gluttony, starvation, disease and death. Mr. Hall proves much of his gloomy case; but it was hardly fair to select as a typical bishop a man who, if accompanied by another as evil, would, in the author's own admission, have provoked a revolution. If England three centuries ago had been quite so bad—or, rather, so unmitigatedly bad—it would have rotted from the face of the earth. There was in it a saving salt which the author does not detect. But Mr. Hall, we repeat, establishes his position in good measure—or bad measure; and his book is given increased value by its colored illustrations and its very full appendix of original documents.

"Mexico of To-day."*

A BRIGHT newspaper man has the faculty of conveying a great deal of pleasant and useful information about things and places of which he himself has only a superficial knowledge. It seems not impossible that the author of this book—who here brings together his letters from Mexico to the *Springfield Republican*—is telling quite all that he knows; that, occasionally, he even trips a little over facts which he has not mastered. But for the most part the facts which he sets forth are salient and important, and the Mexican characteristics which he touches upon are genuine. The book is not profound, but it rings true. It is one of the brightest books about Mexico that has appeared since the publication of Madame Calderon de la Barca's 'Letters'—with which, indeed, the letters here brought together, were they not more or less marred by a sometimes slangy newspaper style, might very well be compared. In matters of detail the author makes small mistakes. For instance, hack fares are not 'doubled' (p. 110) on feast-days in the City of Mexico, though they are increased; the metric system has not been 'adopted' (p. 113) in the sense that it has been brought into popular use in Mexico; Toluca is not 'the capital of the State of the same name' (p. 124), for there is no State of that name, and Toluca is the capital of the State of Mexico; it is a great mistake now (though it would have been correct enough only three years ago) to say that an early, solid breakfast will be 'a difficult one to get' (p. 185) in the City of Mexico. But these are trifling matters, especially as the author distinctly declares that he 'lays no claim to having prepared a guide-book.' To note an example in the other direction, his sketch (p. 243) of the execution of Maximilian—obviously following that of M. Jules Leclercq in his 'Voyage en Mexique'—is right in precisely those important particulars which almost all writers who have touched on the subject have either omitted or stated incorrectly.

The little maps of Mexico serve very well to give a notion of the relative situation of the several States, of the more important cities, and of the railway system, present and prospective. The map of the Valley of Mexico (a reduction, apparently, of a part of that published in 1883 by Lt.-Col. Bodo von Glümer of the Mexican Ordnance) is correct save in regard to the scale, in which, probably, 'miles' has been printed for 'kilometres,' and in regard to the railways. Only one of the five suburban tramways is shown, and that is wrong; and two of the steam lines (Mexican National and El Salto) are omitted. The illustrations—especially the beautiful woodcut of Felix Parra's great picture 'Las Casas Protecting the Indians'—are exceptionally good, both as illustrations and as works of art. Most of them were prepared for, and appear in, Mr. Bishop's 'Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.' The two books, by the way, are not at all

in conflict. Mr. Griffin skims the surface in a pleasant, airy fashion, but does not go far beneath it. Mr. Bishop, on the other hand, writing with a singular grace and charm of style, and with a delightful appreciativeness of his subject, goes down into the heart and marrow of Mexican life. The book has an excellent index, the usefulness of which is increased by marginal titles.

Four Recent Scientific Books.*

THE first book on our list is a new one by Mr. Croll (1), who for many years has been the most conspicuous defender of what may be called the astronomical theory of geological epochs. According to his views the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and the continuous movement of its perihelion point, are responsible for the glacial epochs which, according to him, have alternated in the northern and southern hemispheres, and the present work is largely devoted to the enforcement of this doctrine. The principal portion of the book is occupied with climatological discussions, and a vigorous but always courteous reply to his critics. He considers their objections fairly, and meets them with ability, if not always with clear success. The four last chapters, dealing with the temperature of space, the probable origin and age of the sun's heat, and the probable origin of nebulae are interesting to others besides geologists. Altogether the volume must be regarded as one of permanent value, the work of an original and able thinker and leader in his line of research. Whether his theory obtains final acceptance or not, it will always hold a prominent place in the history of the science, and the book, which is well written and readable, deserves careful consideration by all who are interested in its subjects. It is indispensable to every public library.

Something similar may be truly said of Milne's work on earthquakes (2), which seems to us by far the best work on the subject within the reach of English readers. It is especially full in its description of various forms of seismometric apparatus, though it is to be noted that since the book was first written, in 1883, considerable improvements have been made, which will have to be taken account of whenever a new edition is called for. There is an excellent discussion of the various methods by which the position of an earthquake centre (when it has such a centre) can be deduced, and a good *resumé* of the principal theories now held as to the cause of such phenomena. The author rejects the idea that they are due to external causes like the tidal influences of sun or moon, or to variations in atmospheric pressure, and ascribes them to various actions beneath the earth's crust, such as volcanic explosions, slip of strata, or collapse of subterranean caverns. The book gives as an appendix a valuable (though professedly incomplete) bibliography of the subject, and it has a good index. There are rather more typographical errors, however, than one likes to see.

Prof. Le Conte's 'Compend of Geology' (3) is substantially an abridgement of his larger 'Elements.' It is designed for the use of students in academies and high schools. It is the work not of a compiler, but of a master of his subject, who writes from original knowledge and observation. Sometimes such masters cannot write well and clearly, but this one can and does. Without entering into invidious comparisons between this and other text-books on the same subject, it is safe to say that this is a good one, and furnishes an excellent and stimulating introduction to the more thorough and extended study of the subject.

Prof. Williams' 'Applied Geology' has a different scope and purpose. It fills a hitherto vacant place in American geological literature, and deserves a hearty welcome as supplying a keenly felt want. The title styles it 'a treatise on the industrial relations of geological structure, and on the

* Mexico of To-day. By Samuel Bulkley Griffin. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

* 1. Discussions on Climate and Cosmology. By James Croll, LL.D. \$2.00. 2. Earthquakes, and Other Earth Movements. By John Milne. \$1.75. 3. A Compend of Geology. By Joseph Le Conte. \$1.50. 4. Applied Geology. By Samuel G. Williams. \$2.40. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

nature, occurrence and uses of substances derived from geological sources.' It discusses the economic relations of geological structure, building materials, the relation of geology to agriculture and to health, mineral fuels and illuminants, metalliferous deposits, and so on to the end of the chapter. It is full of valuable information well presented. But a striking example of the rapidity with which the advance of art and science leaves book-making behind, is presented by the page and a half on natural gas. If written to-day, half a dozen pages at least would be necessary to do justice to the subject on the scale of the rest of the work; and yet the preface is dated only a trifle more than a year ago. We do not mean this as fault-finding: when written, probably two years or so ago, the treatment was quite adequate. And we know of no other book in the English language which gives so satisfactory a representation of applied geology.

Half-Hour Readings.*

VARIETY is the dominant feature of these four volumes of selections from American writers. They include extracts from scientific, theological and historical writings as well as from poetry, fiction and criticism; and they are arranged, like the patches on a crazy quilt, as luck would have it. It was none of Mr. Morris's purpose, he says, to attempt a survey of American literature. He was controlled rather by a desire to please by diversity of matter than by a wish to offer any estimate as to the comparative standing of the authors from whose works he has made his selections. Some authors of established reputation have been omitted, while others little known to general readers have been included. All this is as it should be in a work designed for the general public; and for the student who may wish to use it as a hand-book, the indices of subjects and of authors attached to the last volume, both of them very full and alphabetically arranged, will make the work as easy of reference as any of the kind can well be. There are occasionally lapses into order in the body of the work, as well. In volume one, we have grouped together under the general title of Love's Young Dream, Bayard Taylor's 'Love-song of the Bedouins,' and T. B. Aldrich's 'Love-Song from the Persian'; Poe's 'Annabel Lee,' and Whittier's 'A Warning.' Under The Revolving Season are grouped poems by Emerson, Helen Jackson, J. R. Lowell, R. H. Stoddard, and others. A Garland of Wild Flowers includes poems by Longfellow, Frenau, Rose Terry Cooke and Aldrich. Five selections from 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' are printed all in a row. In the other volumes there are Poems of Thought and Sympathy, Patriotic Songs, Poems of Humor, extracts concerning Home Life and Home Sentiment, Life in Nature, Aspects of Nature, the Rivulet, the River and the Ocean; Sunshine and Hope, Shadow and Grief are similarly bunched together; and there is a small lot of four samples of 'Caper Sauce' by S. P. Parton, who will be better remembered as 'Fanny Fern.' But, in general, the selections follow one another, like the pieces of music at a popular concert, without any obvious connection. 'Life in Philadelphia in 1800' is followed by 'Seeds and Swine' and preceded by 'Crocodiles on the St. John's'; Howells's description of Pompeii and Herculaneum is succeeded by Trowbridge's of Nancy Blinn's lovers; and Stanley's sketch of life on the Congo comes after Uncle Remus's tale of the Moon in the Mill Pond.

Hugo's "Les Misérables."†

AN admirably printed and illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables' is that of which the concluding volumes have just been published by George Routledge & Sons. The illustrations, which number about five hundred,

are from drawings by artists, several of whom, like Vierge Morin and De Neuville, have acquired fame since they were done, and others of whom, like Emile Bayard and Valnay, were better known at the time. We think the publishers have done wisely to reproduce these cuts, contemporary with the first appearance of the book, and to give them the benefit of Mr. De Vinne's careful printing; for they have thus produced an edition which will be even more valuable in time than that in which these drawings first appeared, and in which they were rather poorly printed. It is true that most of them have little artistic merit, but it must be remembered that much of the material for illustrating such scenes as those at and about the barricades in Vols. IV. and V., accessible only a few years ago, has since disappeared, and that the style of the work, which had not changed much since 1830, has now given way to something altogether different and much inferior. The engravings are by such artists as Perrichon, Bellenger and Méaulle, who brought tint-engraving to the highest perfection it has reached in France. The five volumes are not too large for easy reading, the type used is clear and unworn, and the paper white and smooth. They are bound in greyish cloth, with uncut edges.

Recent Fiction.

J. S. OF DALE (Mr. F. J. Stimson) made his reputation some time ago as a teller of more than ordinarily clever stories. There are few readers of current periodicals who do not know well the crisp brevity, the witty turns of thought, the unhackneyed characters and sparkling conversations of the sketches which have appeared over that signature. He has now collected twelve of the best of these sketches, and finding each of them appropriate to be read in some particular month, has arranged them in this order and named the collection 'The Sentimental Calendar' (Scribner). The title is perhaps misleading. With the various sentiments of man—love, hate, joy, grief, etc.—all the sketches have indeed to do; but of sentimentalism, in the common acceptance of the word, there is not a trace. On the contrary, perhaps Mr. Stimson's best trait is his virility. This collection gives us a new impression of his range of themes and variety of treatment, and both are remarkable. His style has a subtle power of assimilating itself to his subject and blends with it as a good accompaniment with a voice. In only two of these sketches—'The Bells of Avalon' and 'A Tale Unfolded'—does he approach mediocrity, and these would appear not ill in any but so good a company. Some of the stories rise to the level of the masterful; such are 'Mrs. Knollys,' 'Our Consul at Carlsruhe' and 'The Seven Lights of Asia.' The collection is one of which any of our writers might be proud. We have already spoken of the delightful type in which the book is printed.

'CHILDREN OF GIBBON' (Franklin Square Library) is one of Walter Besant's most charming stories. The ease and grace, the delicate humor, the sweet humanity, that always distinguish his work, are all there, while a deep problem underlies the whole, and the sympathetic suggestion of the trials of workwomen makes the entertaining story also a thoughtful one. The problem is whether we owe our traits to birth or breeding, and the mother of the heroine thinks she has solved it in favor of breeding, when she brings up her own little girl and the little girl of a poor woman in ignorance as to which is which, with the result that both develop into gentle, interesting maidenhood. Such a plot is full of material and 'points,' around which Besant's delicate fancy plays brightly and sweetly. The two girls are introduced to the workingman's son who is brother to one of them, and accept the situation, as they stand hand in hand, with the pretty little introduction, 'we are your sister Polly.' The little touches that follow are full of human nature, when the real heiress seeks to be the poor girl, while the poor girl feels it to be aristocratic instinct that she cannot bear the thought of leaving fashionable comfort, and when the heiress inadvertently learns that she is the heiress, but keeps the secret patiently and nobly till the time comes when it must be revealed. Altogether the story is as pretty a one as we have had for many a day, and it must be a hard heart that is not touched by it to finer issues.

HAUFF's legend of 'Das kalte Herz' is issued by D. C. Heath & Co. with English notes, glossary, and a grammatical appendix prepared by W. H. van der Smitten, whose editing of Grimm's

* Half-Hours with the Best American Authors. Edited by B. Charles Morris. 4 vols. \$2 each. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
† Les Misérables. By Victor Hugo. Translated into English. 5 vols. \$3 each. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

Tales gave much satisfaction. The legend appears in Latin characters, and the new orthography is adopted, the superfluous 'h' after 't' being uniformly rejected. We should question, however, the wisdom of printing 'grösser' as 'großer.'—'CONFESSIONS OF TWO,' by Marianne Gaillard Spratley and Elizabeth Octavia Willisson (Dillingham), is an amiable story in the form of letters exchanged between two cousins, one at the South and one at the North. Marrying and giving in marriage occupy a large share of these ladies' attention, but some character sketches of Southern life are incidentally worked in.—THE versatility of the favorite writer, Amelia E. Barr, is remarkable, and 'Between Two Loves' (Harper's Handy Series), as a tale of the mills in West Riding, is new in subject while exhibiting in grace of style and treatment the power and fascination that characterize her previous work.—THE indefatigable Manville Fenn appears again with what is really quite a novel sensational story. 'The Chaplain's Craze' (Harper's Handy Series) deals with the 'mystery of Findon Friars,' and the suspense is very well kept up, even though the plot is decidedly overstrained. The chaplain's 'craze' is that of a reverend gentleman who persuades his friends to take as servants the convicts dismissed from the penitentiary.—'APPLE BLOSSOMS,' by Anna Oldfield Wiggs (Chicago: A. E. Davis & Co.), is a not very realistic story of love intrigue, false accusations, Jim-the-Penmans, misunderstandings, villains, plots, and final joy.

'A DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE,' by Georgiana M. Craik (Franklin Square Library), is a pretty and healthful story, in which the daughter of the people nobly gives up the young artist who is nobly willing to marry her, while in the end another noble young lady comes into her kingdom. Not the least excellent point in the story is the evident fact that, fine as was the soul of the daughter of the people, it was a great deal better and wiser that the *mésalliance* did not take place. The climax of many stories on the plan of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' is romantic and effective, but in real life any *mésalliance* is to be regretted, and Mrs. May in her story has tried to be just to both sides of the question.—'THE SON OF HIS FATHER' (Franklin Square Library) is one of Mrs. Oliphant's strong and fine stories that captivate the interest and at the same time educate the soul. The story is that of a young fellow whose mother fears he has inherited the unfortunate traits of his scapegrace of a father; and although the mother is a little overdrawn in her capacity for cold, stern judgment, she is nevertheless a type, and the story is told with intensity and fascination.—'SIR JAMES APPELEY, BART.,' by Katharine S. Macquoid (Franklin Square Library), is an original and entertaining story in which a young man who gives up law for literature exerts a decided influence on the fortunes of the characters by working up a true story into a romance. The romance is read by people who follow the advice in 'Dombey and Son' to 'make an application on't,' with important results to all concerned.—'PURE GOLD,' by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (Lippincott), is a story of the struggle between gold and pure gold, or between money and a woman's heart. The heart carries the day, and although the incidents of the story are much too sensational, it is a good point that the author does not allow her hero to have gold in addition to pure gold. He has to choose between them.

'RODMAN THE KEEPER' gives its name to the collection of Southern sketches by Constance Fenimore Woolson, published by the Harpers. All of these sketches are familiar, having already appeared in different magazines, but they are worthy of this more permanent form, exhibiting all that clever insight into character, that rare appreciation of scenery and settings, that unique charm of style and subject, which stamped Miss Woolson's earliest work as perfect of its kind.—'HALF MARRIED,' by Annie Bliss McConnell (Lippincott), is quite an original little story, told with a good deal of brightness and humor. The singular title is an allusion to the fact that a married pair love each other, but blunder through many misunderstandings into perfect accord only after years of married life. There is a good deal of bright talk in the midst of the misery, and some effective pictures of garrison life on the frontier.—HENRY GREVILLE is at her best in the little tale of 'Count Xavier,' translated by Mary C. Robbins (Ticknor). The story is very slight, and the plot so simple as to be almost hackneyed; but the freshness of treatment, and the grace and humor of the style, make it a most delightful little book. The old count's funeral, the devotion of the old servant, and the obsequiousness of the new one, the momentary temptation of the hero, the accidents which enable him to triumph over temptation, and finally the young scapegoat's strategem of the dynamite plot to get himself recalled to the love from which he has been banished, are all told with inimitable humor and vividness.

London Letter.

THERE is nothing of any great importance at the winter exhibitions. That of the Institute of Painters in Oils is crowded with pictures; but the vast majority are not much, if at all, better than pot-boilers, while of the others none is great work, though many are sincere, and some are accomplished, and some are charming, and a few are all three. As for that of the Society of British Artists, it is the smallest and choicest ever held by that body, but it is not nearly so interesting in itself nor so striking in effect as that one—last winter's, I believe it was—in which the Whistlerian inspiration was perceived for the first time. Till that occasion the Society's gatherings had been the least select of any in London. Its galleries were the home of the worst forms of British art. Here, in even greater force than at the Royal Academy, did the Old-World British artist display himself in all the majesty of classic cheapness, of traditional vulgarity, of time-worn commonplace. Here, if anywhere, flourished the old Wardour Street ideals, the two-penny half-penny ambitions of the inheritors of Mulready and Webster, the fine old crusted landscape of the generation which knew not Constable, and divided its capacity of faith between Birket Foster and Turner. Here, in fact, was art at its lowest, and here, as a natural consequence, the common picture-dealer reigned supreme. All that is changed now. The howls of the rejected of this winter's jury are still rising to the throne of Jove; the maledictions of old exhibitors, for whom there is this time neither place nor honor, are still reverberating through space and time. Once the catalogue of the Society was hundreds of members strong; this winter there are but two rows of exhibitors—a line proper for the better men, and a second and lower altitude for their inferiors: all the rest of the wall space is decorated—by the President—in cheap Arabian cotton, but on principles the most scientific. It must be owned that, so far as I can discover, the results of the new arrangement are not entirely happy. The President is impatient of rivalry, but he is anything but averse from imitation; and with the small change of him the present exhibition teems. It is deplorable of course; but it was, and is, inevitable. Mr. Whistler has been as one crying in the wilderness for many years; and now at last, when he finds himself accepted as a prophet, the temptation to reward the faithful is naturally irresistible. One can fancy him exulting in the presence of the smaller fry, the new-hatched spawn, of Whistlerism; much as Mr. Browning, after a life-time of unpopularity, is understood to delight in the transactions of the societies which bear his name, and exist to discuss the meaning of his works. Unfortunately, the parallel holds but to a certain point. Mr. Browning's worshippers content themselves—or have contented themselves so far—with comment and elucidation; Mr. Whistler's go farther, and proceed to imitation. In his achievement nothing is imitable but the baser parts; its qualities are too personal and too exquisite, too rare in kind and too delicate and subtle in effect, to bear transmission; in the process of adaptation they are vulgarized even to extinction; as reflected in the work of his apes, the Master reminds you of Heine in English, or 'extinguished lemonade.' Mr. Whistler himself thinks otherwise, as I have said; but if his practice is admirably good, his theory is notoriously unsound. He is an unique painter; but as a judge and jury his weakness is manifest to the meanest capacity. What is interesting in the present exhibition—after his own 'Harmony in Red,' and his 'unfinished' portrait of Lady Colin Campbell, which, but for the public taste in scandals, would probably have stayed in the studio—is the work, not of his young men, but of painters like Mr. Stott (of Oldham), Mr. Aubrey Hunt, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. Jacob Hood and others, who are content to follow a broader and saner tradition, and who recognize in Whistlerism only as much as is impersonal and commonly artistic. It is to these

that in the long run the S. B. A. must look for the inspiration of success; and it is greatly to be hoped that in no great while the President's humors will have changed, and that, sick of being imitated, *à tort et à travers*, he will break with the band of apes and merry-andrews he has called into being, and proceed to do the duties of his office upon the assumption—flagrant as it may seem to him just now—that there are other Masters besides himself, and other forms of art than Whistlerism.

A pleasant sign of the times is the tendency of painters to rise in revolt against their critics. The signal was given by Mr. Whistler (it is written that in this letter, no matter what my theme, I shall find that name at my pen's end), in his delightful and ridiculous 'Ten o'Clock,' at which I believe you are soon to have the privilege of assisting; and now the impulse has reached as far as Burlington House, and the Academicians themselves, as Messrs. Wells and Armitage have proved to admiration, are eager to assert their rights, and have the lives of all who write about them. Mr. Whistler is, I should add, a very intelligent man; but he has the common faults of his kind, and is apt to take it for granted that he is the only intelligent man alive. He has a knack of saying clever things; and it is his weakness to believe that when he has said one, he has settled the whole question. He is a sprightly oracle (as it were), and if you decline to accept the god behind him, slangy and eccentric as the god may be, then so much the worse for you. In his 'Ten o'Clock' you will find nothing that has not been said before, and said by certain art critics; but you will find (what is rare in these days) a Pythoness whose faith in her inspiration is unbounded, but who approaches you with a grin, because it is her nature to, for one thing, and, for another, because it has been demonstrated to her that in these days the Pythoness who would succeed must be capable on occasion (and that is always) of playing the jester—of prophesying (in a word) as she clowns, and clowning in the act of prophecy. This, though is by the way. What I wanted, and set out, to say is, that, accepting no criticism save his own (which is probably not impartial), Mr. Whistler is the natural enemy of all critics save himself. He never loses an opportunity of working them woe; and with their scalps he believes his wigwam in Tite Street (or wherever it is) to be immortally festooned. The last to give him offence is Mr. Humphrey Ward, of *The Times*, who in reviewing the exhibition in Suffolk Street, described himself as a 'plain man,' and took occasion to except to the President's theory and practice of decoration. This was more than enough for that gladiator; and he at once protested in a letter to the offending journal, which the editor, Mr. Buckle, with what seems to me a singular want of presence of mind, declined to print. The President wrote again; Mr. Buckle plunged still deeper, and published (I believe) a bit of his letter; and the President, singing the song of victory, at once produced the correspondence in the columns of friendly prints. Of course he takes credit for having jugulated *coram populo* both the 'plain man' and the 'plain man's' editor; but in this he is certainly mistaken. He has played Touchstone so long that there is a general disinclination to take his Hamlet seriously. A pupil of his in anticriticism is Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., who is just now exhibiting a series of sketches and pictures at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street, and who has prefaced his catalogue with a fierce attack on all art-critics, save Mr. Ruskin alone, and a sort of commentary 'to explain my method of painting.' His protest is merely angry and silly; and his commentary, while it babbles much of geology and cloud-forms, and 'popular fallacies about the planet Mars,' proves also that he has the inartistic mind in remarkable fulness of development, and explains with curious felicity and directness the reason why his pictures are the hard, tame, photographic records of facts we know. In one sense Mr. Whistler may rejoice in his new follower; in another he can hardly fail to be very much ashamed of him.

A good book in many ways is Mr. Hubert Parry's 'Studies of Great Composers.' Mr. Parry is the most learned of English theorists, and perhaps the best and clearest writer on technical questions we have; without him Sir George Grove's 'Dictionary' would be not nearly the book it is; and in this volume of 'Studies,' there is so much that is scholarly and useful that one feels inclined to condone its faults for the sake of its merits. Its great interest, however, consists in the demonstration it presents, in common with Mr. Brett's induction to his show, of the theory that an artist is often the least capable of understanding the limits and accepting the purpose of his art. In practical music Mr. Parry is, or has been till very lately, a disciple of Brahms, and it is only just now that he has begun to show signs of conversion to saner methods and a desire to profit by the example of such masters as Sebastian Bach. In theory he is still unchanged; and his chapter on Wagner and the new form of 'music-drama' which that noisy and ingenious artist is supposed to have invented and perfected, is enough to give pause to students of, and artists in, both drama and music. That he should dispose of Berlioz in a page is not wonderful, for Berlioz was a Frenchman and a declared enemy of the (so-called) New Art; but Gluck was a German after all, and it is amazing to find him described as 'another very interesting figure,' and worked off in as small a compass as his great disciple. As for Italian opera, Mr. Parry will none of it. There is a chapter in Vernon Lee's 'The Eighteenth Century in Italy' which, ill-written and amateurish as it is, is more instructive and more suggestive at once than all he has to say on this particular subject of opera. Mr. Parry, indeed, is only critical as long as he is unprejudiced. I have marked a passage in his book—in which he prefers the form of Christianity which produced the oratorios of Handel and the chorales of Bach to that which is only responsible for the music of such poor creatures as Leo, Durante, Marcello, Pergolesi, and Palestrina (among others)—which is a model of what criticism should not be. All the same, his 'Studies' are things to read, and that not once, but often. At his best he is right as right can be, and he is not so frequently wrong as to produce an impression of partiality and unsoundness. His reputation will be the better for his book, as it is for his latest achievements in music. The opposite fortune is reserved for the late Abraham Hayward, a selection from whose correspondence is published, I believe, this day. Mr. Hayward (who is said to have sat, unconsciously, for the Mr. Pinto of 'Lothair'—Mr. Pinto, the wit and talker who had no guineas to give away, but whose pockets were always full of six-pences) was in life the most successful and the most overrated of society politicians. His mind was bright and quick; his expression neat; his memory amazing; his vanity enormous; his literary faculty quite third-rate; his influence not inconsiderable; his reputation partly an effect of anecdote and partly of perpetual dining-out. He appears to have considered himself a sort of combination of Macaulay, Croker and Richard Brinsley Sheridan; his correspondence proves that in this as in other things he was consumedly mistaken.

Mr. Lang's new volume is made up of stories none of which are new, but all of which are brilliant and amusing. Of his 'Books and Bookmen,' which will not be published until January, the whole of the large-paper edition is already exhausted. A bookman himself, he will be deeply touched, I take it, by this testimony of his fellows' regard for him. The first edition of 'That Vey Mab' is sold out too; so that copies are now worth more than they were when the work was published. The author, Miss May Kendal, is writing another book, of which I shall have something to say later on. Among second editions perhaps the most noteworthy is that of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland,' a novel which, inspired from many sources, has by these critics been vigorously, even extravagantly, acclaimed, and by those dismissed with contumely and parallel passages.

That in the end the Noes will have it seems certain enough; but for the moment the victory is with the Ayes.

LONDON, December 11th, 1886.

H. B.

The New and the Old "Locksley Hall."

THERE are two stanzas in the new 'Locksley Hall' which were written for the earlier poem, but, so far as I am aware, were not published until I included them in the Addenda to the second edition of my 'Select Poems of Tennyson' a few months ago. I was indebted for them to my friend Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, who says that Fanny Kemble transcribed them many years ago into his copy of the 1842 edition of Tennyson's poems. They are there inserted after line 38 ('And our spirits rush'd together,' etc.), and read as follows:

In the hall there is a picture, Amy's arms are round my neck,
Happy children, in a sunbeam, sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there is a picture, she who clasp'd my neck is flown,
I am left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.

As I have said in the book, the lines come in so finely after the allusion to the seashore and the 'stately ships' that it seems a pity they were not retained. For myself, I would rather see them there than in their present setting.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 31st, 1886.

W. J. ROLFE.

The Lounger

AMONG the passengers on the French steamer *La Bretagne*, which sailed for Havre last Saturday, were two notable men. Mons. Munkacsy was one of them, and Mr. K. Okakura the other. The distinguished Hungarian painter has made a number of portraits during his sojourn in this city—one of Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, one of Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and one of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer. He leaves his 'Christ before Pilate' in the 'loving, careful and intelligent hands' of its owner, Mons. Sedelmeyer, who claims that his 'superior taste and rare artistic feeling' exerted such a 'beneficial influence on the painter' while the *chef d'œuvre* was in course of creation. The other departing visitor, Mr. Okakura, is Prof. Fenollosa's and Mr. A. Hamao's associate on the commission appointed by the Japanese Government to visit the United States and Europe and report upon the status of art, and the tendencies of the art movement, here and abroad. He is a man of great intelligence, taste and cultivation, and may be depended upon to give an interesting account of what he has observed during his stay in this city. Mons. Munkacsy and Mr. Okakura were among the guests whom Mr. and Mrs. Korbay, the Hungarian musicians, entertained at their home in Eighteenth Street, on Thursday evening of last week, with a performance by the Gypsy Band; and the Japanese commissioner, dressed in his native costume, was as much an object of interest as the Hungarian musicians. He was greatly pleased with what he saw of New York life during the few weeks that he spent here, and hopes to return to America next year.

'HAVE you heard this story before?' writes M. A. P. 'When Stanley was proposing to lecture, before he was so suddenly "called back," the President of a New England College wrote to his manager, inviting Mr. Stanley to address the students at a certain time, and adding words like these: "If Mr. Stanley will be my guest, I shall be most happy to receive him at my house," etc. For answer came the message: "Mr. Stanley is not a wild man, but perhaps it will be better to secure for him rooms at the hotel." This not a little astonished the President, and things were at cross-purposes till the note was referred to, and it was found that it had been read: "If Mr. Stanley will be *very quiet*, I shall be most happy," etc. And the moral of this is, that for the sake of their friends (and especially for the papers), men should take the trouble to write plain English script, and not hieroglyphics.'

IT IS LONG since I have seen so attractive an advertisement as appeared on the 13th of December, in *The Eastern Star* of Glenburn, Maine, a journal 'devoted to the exposition and dissemination of the spiritual philosophy in its religious, scientific and reformatory aspects.' It is short and to the point, and is couched in these words: 'POEMS WRITTEN by H. Maude Merrill. Inspirational. On any subject. If personal, send particulars. From six to eight verses, 50 cts.; twelve to fifteen, \$1. Address Bucksport

Ctr., Me.' Like many advertisements in country newspapers, Miss Merrill's is accompanied with an editorial 'puff direct,' which is even more pleasing than her own business-like but modest statement of terms. It is short enough to bear reproduction in full:

We wish to personally call your attention to the advertisement on the fourth page of Miss H. Maude Merrill. You have read enough of her poems in the *Star* to know that she ranks among the best poets in New England. Now friends we want you to patronise her in every way you can yourself and by the influence you have with your friends. She will do any subject you send her justice. She makes poetry her sole business and is therefore in readiness at any moment to attend to your orders. If you want a poem for a wedding, lyceum, or relating to one dear to you gone across the river, she is fully capable of furnishing it if you give her the points. We have eight or ten of her poems on file now which are perfect gems.

It is to be hoped the printer will be more liberal with punctuation marks in 'setting up' these eight or ten 'gems,' than he has been in putting this puff in type. Such a dearth of commas as that in the first sentence—the one referring to 'the fourth page of Miss H. Maude Merrill'—would dim the lustre of the brightest 'gem.' But this is a secondary matter. The real objection to the lady's advertisement and its editorial accompaniment is their insistence upon the necessity of giving her 'the points.' If her work is really 'inspirational,' she ought to know the facts of any given case without being informed of them by her patron. There are few of us who couldn't grind out from six to fifteen stanzas on any given subject, provided the facts were furnished with the fee; but an 'inspired' poet, and one who makes this sort of composition 'her sole business,' should furnish the facts, as well as the fancy, herself. Her inability to do this doubtless explains the modesty of her charges: a dollar for fifteen original stanzas by one of 'the best poets in New England' is criminally cheap. I join with the editor of *The Eastern Star* in asking you to patronise the poet of Bucksport Ctr. 'in every way you can.'

F. I. C., OF CHICAGO, sends me this excerpt from a letter lately received from a friend in Dakota:—'You doubtless know something of Miss Elaine Goodale—one of the poet-sisters—whose home is among the Berkshire Hills. Miss Elaine has for three years been a teacher at Hampton, and has recently come to the Lower Brulé Agency with another young lady. Together they are to teach in an Indian school at the mouth of White River, they being the only whites at that point. This seems to me to show romantic devotion to an idea, for Miss Goodale earnestly believes the Indian to be capable of civilization through education. Shade of Cheesam—(unpronounceable first-fruit of Harvard culture) may your blighted genius receive fruitful vindication in these happier children of your race.'

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

A LARGE number of etchings by the Dutch etcher, C. Storm van's Gravesande, have been on exhibition at the Grolier Club rooms this week, and an address on the etcher and his work has been delivered there by Richard A. Rice. The etchings are of Dutch, French, and English landscape and river subjects, extremely modern and impressionistic in character, and full of what might be called national sentiment. The method of this etcher is many-sided. There are few modern etchers whose technical equipment is as complete as his. He passes from boldness, ruggedness and power of line to the most delicate and tender handling. His dry-points form a complete contrast to his pure etchings and a worthy pendant to them. His sense of the pictorial is highly developed. Van's Gravesande was born in 1841. He took up etching at the suggestion of the Belgian etcher Felicien Rops, and his first plate appeared in 1872. An exhibition of some of his plates was held in this city two years ago, but that at the Grolier Club is far more satisfactory.

—Mr. Richard H. Halsted's collection of paintings is to be sold on Monday evening. It was placed on exhibition on December 31st at the Academy of Design, to remain until the date of sale. The collection consists of sixty-five works of the showy and effective kind most prized by the American picture-buyer. European and American contemporary painters are well represented. A Fine Cazin (landscape), an admirable Jacque ('Poultry in a farm-yard'), an elaborately-painted head by Q. Becker, a sheep-subject by Braith, Venetian scenes by Santoro and Rico, a large Oriental figure by Benjamin Constant, a rather large Henner, showing (of course) a nymph in a wood, Firmin-Girard's girl in a red velvet mediæval gown, called 'Meditation,' a Spanish *genre* subject by

Vibert, telling a love-story in a quaint way, with good painting of a hard, metallic kind, are among the most important works. The sale will be made by Ortgies & Co., under the management of S. P. Avery.

—Mons. Munkacsy's portraits of Dr. McCosh and Mrs. Pulitzer were exhibited at the Sedelmeyer gallery in Twenty-third Street until December 31st. The profile head of Dr. McCosh is a remarkably fine piece of work. It is not only strong in technique, in truth of impression, in grasp of character, but it has the quality of harmonious balance of parts in conception and execution which is the peculiar attribute of Munkacsy's genius. The same effect, in a different way, is produced by the color-composition of the portrait of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, which is in reds and pinks. The texture painting belongs to the highest order of brushwork.

—Mr. Whistler's visit to America is now reported to be fixed for this month. He will not bring any pictures with him.

—The Gotham Art-Students held a reception on Tuesday evening, December 29th, to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the foundation of the school. Works by Chase, Maynard, Shirlaw, Lafarge, Mowbray, Mrs. Holmes-Nicholls and other well-known painters were exhibited.

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* relates that the little marble statue, 'A Young Athenian Girl,' which has been placed near the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, was dug up in the fields by a Greek peasant, who concealed it under a heap of fagots and sold it to the French Government, through the French Ambassador, for about \$2,400. As it is forbidden to export ancient objects of art from Greece, the peasant smuggled his treasure to the seashore in a cart-load of vegetables and delivered it to a boat's crew in waiting from a French sloop stationed at the Piræus. The statue is said to be a gem of the Fourth Century.

—A joint committee of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the Museum of Natural History are considering the advisability of opening those institutions to the public on Sunday. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment are disposed to defray the additional expense of Sunday openings, but several of the Trustees are opposed to the proposed innovation. Col. Di Cesnola is reported as saying that he favors the movement, but doesn't think the time has come for making the change. He is also quoted as saying to a reporter, 'My family have been gentlemen for 600 years'—a statement which accounts very satisfactorily for the lack of femininity in the Colonel's mental and moral make-up.

—The twenty-seventh annual sale of the Artists' Fund Society of New York will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next. The paintings contributed by the members will be on exhibition until the sale in the south gallery of the National Academy of Design. The exhibition consists of eighty-seven works, including several bits of sculpture, and the average of merit is much higher than is usual at Artists' Fund exhibitions. Homer Martin has two lovely landscapes, as characteristic as anything he has recently shown here—a Normandy coast scene, and a French river subject with fine notes of color. Carleton Wiggins with a cattle subject, A. F. Bunner with a well-handled Dutch marine, Bolton Jones with two landscapes of excellent color, and Hamilton Hamilton with a ripe wheat-field subject make a good showing. Landscapes by Ernest and Arthur Parton and R. C. Minor, a marine by De Haas, and one by Harry Chase, are among the best works. A girl's head by Abbott Thayer is painted with force and considerable refinement. Frederick Dielman shows a German mediaeval-looking head of a woman, fine in color and tone; and Frank Fowler's female head 'Chloe,' with white drapery, posed against a yellow background, is one of the best things he has recently shown; but F. D. Millet's 'Maiden with Thyrsus' is not as attractive in color as most of his classic girl subjects.

The Future of the Girl-Graduates.

[The Boston Herald.]

THE women who are graduates of our educational institutions begin to make their mark in the ranks of those who are actively engaged in the promotion of scientific and general culture. Room is being made for them where they can show the quality of their work. There are three times as many women under advanced instruction to-day as there were twenty years ago, and the number is steadily increasing. Most of our institutions are now open for the education of women on the same terms as the education of men, and the singularity of the presence of the 'sweet girl-graduate' is no longer felt. They are becoming a cumulative force in American society. Mrs. Lynn Linton calls attention to the fact that careers for women are not controlled by the same fixity of pur-

pose as those which open out to men. The element of marriage often comes in to extinguish the ambition for eminence in science or general culture. But Mr. Higginson has recently shown [in THE CRITIC of December 4th] that the girl-graduates in this country are opening the way to the higher education of women as it has never been opened before. They are forming an associated body of women, who will have a powerful influence over the future of their sex, and who to-day hold the future education of American women in their hands. The first thing is to educate these women as they desire; the next is to provide them with something to do which is in line with their education; the next is to bring their education to bear upon the development of society.

This final and largest end is largely promoted by their organization under the name of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. This is to-day, for the first time in the history of the country, a body of women who have received the training which qualifies them to undertake things that need to be done for their sex, and who have the largeness of outlook that is sufficient to see the opportunities which are opening out to women in the multiplied interests of the country. The Society to Encourage Studies at Home, which has had much to do with the creation of a larger and more wholesome sphere for women, has been a pioneer in making women the centres of an educational influence in different parts of the country, and their collegiate education and associated life create a still more potent influence in the same direction. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae proposes to organize the energies of these women, so that they shall bring this higher education into line with the lower grade schools for girls, both public and private; it will also do much to make a sphere not only for the education itself, but for the girl-graduates who are yearly sent out into the world as educated women. The new education means the creation for women of fresh and large opportunities of usefulness. It means that they are to find their place for greater services to society. It means, not that the domestic duties are to be superseded, but that women throughout the country are to bring their culture more and more into daily life, and help to renew society at its sources. Their notable achievements in scholarly directions are well in their way, but this represents only one of the many lines in which the education of bright women is to affect American society. The higher education is not to unsex women or to render them incapable of taking their places in the life of the family; its tendency is to so broaden their sphere and open to them avenues of usefulness that the whole of society shall feel the benefit of the training which they are now receiving, and are destined to receive in still larger degree in the future.

Matthew Arnold's Farewell.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has been presented by the schoolmasters of the Westminster district with a testimonial, on his retirement from the office of Inspector of Schools. In returning thanks he said:

Once after we had been inspecting a school in the north of London we were entertained at luncheon by one of the managers, who said so many kind things about me that at last, growing embarrassed, I cut it short by saying, 'Nobody can say I am a punctual inspector.' You have praised me so much that I feel almost disposed to say something disparaging of myself now. The truth is, my path as an inspector has been made very smooth for me. Everywhere I have found kindness; everywhere I have favours to acknowledge and obligations to express. I hardly know where to begin. I will begin where my obligations are least. To Government I owe nothing. But then I have always remembered that under our Parliamentary system the Government probably takes little interest in such work, whatever it is, as I have been able to do in the public service, and even perhaps knows nothing at all about it. And, ladies and gentlemen, we must take the evils of our system along with the good. Abroad, probably, a Minister might have known more about my performances. But then abroad I doubt whether I should ever have survived to perform them. Under the strict bureaucratic system abroad I feel pretty sure I should have been dismissed ten times over for the freedom with which on various occasions I have expressed myself on matters of religion and politics. Our Government here in England takes a large and liberal view of what it considers a man's private affairs, and so I have been able to survive as an inspector for thirty-five years; and to the Government I at least owe this—to have been allowed to survive for thirty-five years.

When I pass from Government this somewhat bounded kind of obligation ceases, and my obligation becomes ample and full indeed. As to the permanent officials, most of them have been my personal friends at the time of life when friendship has an intimacy and a savour which it can hardly acquire afterwards; but all the officials

of the department with whom I have had to do have lightened for me the troubles of an inspector's life instead of aggravating them. I suppose the permanent officials are sometimes found by an inspector to be harsh and trying, but in that case I am like the dairy-maid in the rustic poem, who found the dun cow that was vicious to others, gentle to her. My colleagues, the inspectors, I have found always friendly and ready to help; we have had no quarrels nor an approach to one. Then my assistants—how my assistants have smoothed my path for me. I know it is thought at the office that an inspector's path is often too much smoothed for him by his assistant. My rule was—and I think it a good one—to let my assistant do whatever he could do as well or better than I could myself. I found that to be a considerable quantity, I confess. But I do not think my assistants felt themselves to be unfairly put upon. Lastly, I come to the managers and teachers. From the time when the authorities of the Borough-road and the Wesleyan Educational Committee acquiesced in my appointment, though it was made, let me tell you, irregularly and with neglect of their right of veto, down to the other day, when Canon Fleming insisted on entertaining from the Conference quite an unreasonably large party of us, the managers, too, have been my kind friends. And the teachers! When I think of their good will, their confidence in me, their alacrity to comply with my wishes—when I think of all this, crowned finally by our meeting to-night and by their beautiful gift—I am indeed disposed to say with Wordsworth that it is the gratitude of man which leaves one mourning.

I ask myself with astonishment to what I owe this confidence, this favour. I assure you I am not at all a harsh judge of myself. But I know perfectly well that there have been much better inspectors than I. Whence, then, all this favour and confidence towards me? Well, one cause of it was certainly that I was my father's son; another cause has been, I think, that I am more or less known to the public as an author, and I have been always touched to see how the teachers—so often reproached with being fault-finders and overweening—are disposed to defer to their inspector on the score of any repute he may have as an author, although undoubtedly an author of repute may be but a bad inspector. However, I do not mean to say that I think I have been altogether a bad inspector. I think I have had two qualifications for the post. One is that of having a serious sense of the nature and function of criticism. I from the first sought to see the schools as they really were. Thus it was soon felt that I was fair, and that the teachers had not to apprehend from me crotchets, pedantries, humours, favouritism, and prejudices.

That was one qualification. Another was that I got the habit, very early in my time, of trying to put myself in the place of the teachers whom I was inspecting. I will tell you how that came about. Though I am a schoolmaster's son, I confess that school teaching or school inspecting is not the line of life I should naturally have chosen. I adopted it in order to marry a lady who is here to-night, and who feels the kindness as warmly and gratefully as I do. My wife and I had a wandering life of it at first. There were but three lay inspectors for all England. My district went right across from Pembroke Dock to Great Yarmouth. We had no home; one of our children was born in a lodging at Derby, with a workhouse, if I recollect right, behind and a penitentiary in front. But the irksomeness of my new duties was what I felt most, and during the first year or so this was sometimes almost insupportable. But I met daily in the schools with men and women discharging duties akin to mine, duties as irksome as mine, duties less well paid than mine, and I asked myself, Are they on roses? Would not they by nature prefer, many of them, to go where they liked and do what they liked, instead of being shut up in school? I saw them making the best of it; I saw the cheerfulness and efficiency with which they did their work, and I asked myself again, How do they do it? Gradually it grew into a habit with me to put myself into their places, to try and enter into their feelings, to represent to myself their life, and I assure you I got many lessons from them. This placed me in sympathy with them. I will not accept all the praise you have given me, but I will accept this—I have been fair and I have been sympathetic.

And now, my kind friends of many years, before we come to the word which, as Byron tells us, must be and hath been, although it makes us linger, the word farewell, let me give a counsel and make a reflection. First, the counsel. You have a very strong association, the Elementary Teachers' Union. Insist on having a Minister for Education. I know the Duke of Richmond told the House of Lords that, as Lord President, he was Minister of Education; but really the Duke of Richmond's sense of humour must have been slumbering when he told the House of Lords that. A man is not Minister of Education by taking the name, but by doing the functions. To do the functions he must put his mind to the subject of education; and so long as Lord Presidents are what they are, and education is what

it is, a Lord President will not be a man who puts his mind on the subject of education. A Vice-President is not—on the Lord President's own showing—and cannot be, Minister for Education; he cannot, therefore, be made responsible for mistakes and neglects. Now, what we want in a Minister for Education is this—a centre where we can fix the responsibility. Insist, therefore—as you, the chief sufferers by mistakes and neglects in the management of education, have a right to insist—insist on having a Minister for Education.

There is my counsel; now for my reflection. My reflection is one to comfort and cheer myself, and I hope others, at this our parting. We are entering upon new times, where many influences, once potent to guide and restrain, are failing. Some people think the prospect of the reign of democracy, as they call it, very gloomy. This is unwise, but no one can regard it quite without anxiety. It is nearly 150 years since the wisest of English clergymen told the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London in a hospital sermon that the poor are very much what the rich make them. That is profoundly true, though perhaps it rather startles us to hear it. On the other hand, it is almost a commonplace that children are very much what their teachers make them. I will not ask what our masses are likely to be if the rich have the making of them. I prefer to ask what they are likely to be so far as the teachers have the making of them. And on the whole—and here is the consoling reflection with which I shall end—though the teachers have, of course, their faults as individuals, though they have also their faults as a class, yet, on the whole, their action is, I do think and believe, powerful for good. And not in England only, but in other countries as well, countries where the teachers have been much spoken against. I have found it so. I find plenty of deleterious and detestable influences at work, but they are influences of journalism in one place, in another influences of politicians, in some places both the one and the other; they are not influences of teachers. The influence of the elementary teacher, so far as my observation extends, is for good; it helps morality and virtue. I do not give the teacher too much praise for this; the child in his hands so appeals to his conscience, his responsibility is so direct and palpable. But the fact is none the less consoling, and the fact is, I believe, as I have stated it. Burke speaks of the ancient and inbred integrity and piety of the English people; where should this influence of the teachers for good be so strong and sustained as here? Thus, in conclusion, we are carried beyond and above the question of my personal gratitude, although that, too, is very deep and real. I love to think of the elementary teachers, to whom I owe so much, and am so grateful, as more and more proving themselves to deserve, and more and more coming to possess, in the days which are now at hand for us, the esteem and gratitude of the entire country.

[The Spectator.]

The retirement of one of our greatest poets from the duties of Inspector of Schools—duties which he has discharged with singular energy and success for many years—is an occasion on which it is impossible not to be struck with the reflection that the world is an immense gainer by the union in the same mind of high poetical with high practical gifts. Probably Mr. Arnold's poetry has gained as much from his lucid mastery of detail, as his educational work has gained from his faculty of vision. No one can have enjoyed Matthew Arnold's poems fully who is not aware how greatly their beauty is enhanced by the clearness and method of their illustrative detail. It is the completeness with which he always specifies in exquisite detail that which he sums up in massive generalities, that constitutes one of his greatest charms as a poet. You are never left to struggle alone with a vague idea, and wonder what in particular the poet was thinking of. The moment he has given you his wider drift, he illustrates it with a discriminating delicacy of outline that leaves you in no doubt as to the application which he wishes his readers to give to the more abstract thought. How vividly he brings before us the haggard splendour of Roman power, the visionary penetration and steadiness of Greek imagination, the 'pageant' of Byron's wounded pride, the loneliness of Goethe's scrutinising wisdom, the febrile of Wordsworth's meditative rapture. Mr. Arnold, as a poet, not only knows exactly what he means, but makes all his readers know what he means, too. And though we are far from denying that there are many true poets of whom that cannot be said, it is undoubtedly a great element in his attractiveness that he is as bright and lucid as he is impressive and imposing. There is the commanding air about him, but it is the commanding air of a self-confident teacher, rather than of a self-confident seer. It is the great lucidity and the clear order of his ideas which give him his grand style. If he had not had large experience in laying down the law on questions of education, we can well believe that he would not have had so

effective a manner of impressing his poetical teaching on the world. In the world's history, poetical condescension has probably never been made so fascinating as Mr. Arnold has made it, for he has combined all the powers which make men feel the condescension real, with the gentleness and grace which render it quite impossible to resent it. We cannot resist the impression that if Mr. Arnold had not been fully conscious of the power to impress himself with some authority on the world in practical life, his poetry itself would have lost much of its tone of authority, and his poetical style of its strength and decision.

But if it be true that Mr. Arnold's poetry has gained rather than lost by his practical work, it is still more certain that his practical work has gained immensely from the clearness and penetration of his poetic vision. No man but a poet would have understood as he has done how great is the danger of dulling the soul with routine, how imperative is the need of life as well as method in teaching, how fatal may be the influence of 'daily labour's dull Lethæan spring.' No man but a poet could have felt the ugliness of what he has called 'Philistinism,' the deadly influence exerted over the intellect by vulgar pretension, the high effort that it takes to see things truly and not merely with the spectacles of class-convention, the power which the conscience, as well as the vulgarer desires, may have to pervert the intellect, the 'ruinous force of the will' in overshadowing the truth. Had he not been a poet, Mr. Arnold would never have appreciated as truly as he has done the special dangers of the English middle class in relation to both Greek and Hebrew influences. So far as mere *taste* is concerned, we have probably never had a wiser teacher than Mr. Arnold; and this fine taste has irradiated all his reports on English and foreign education. When he tells us how much more alive than our English schools are the German and French schools, he is believed because he has the power, which only a poet possesses, to make us see the dismal effect of all education which does not quicken and brighten the whole mind, which does not, for instance, render it impossible for the nature submitted to it to explain 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' as equivalent to 'Canst thou effect no cure in a lunatic asylum?' If by some miracle we could have, on a sudden, twenty such poets as Mr. Arnold among our School Inspectors, and twenty more amongst our teachers, we might fairly expect that the standard of English elementary education would spring suddenly to quite a new height. For there is nothing unpractical, dreamy, flighty about Mr. Arnold's poetical feeling. All the poetry in him makes for intelligence, method, temperate judgment,—in a word, for educational wisdom.

As our readers are probably aware, we do not hold that Mr. Arnold's theological writings have had any but an injurious effect upon his influence as a poet, or on his authority as a critic and an educational counsellor. They have practically diminished the moral weight of his criticisms, by rendering the world incredulous that one who could explain away the Bible so completely, while insisting on its importance, was one in whose judgment it was possible to place any substantial confidence. But even in these unfortunate attempts to whittle away the essential significance of the one Divine literature on our earth, Mr. Arnold has shown by his passionate attachment to the language and poetry of the Bible how much more depth there is in his poetical and moral instincts, than even in his highly cultivated intellect, and how firmly he clings to the noblest teaching in the world, even after he has done his best to scoop all the pith out of its contents. English education, then, has reaped the highest benefit not merely from Mr. Arnold's accomplishments as a scholar and his fidelity as a keen critic of our schools, but also from the largeness of his poetic vision, the purity of his taste, the calm and serenity of his self-confidence, and the delicacy of his sympathy with the rudimentary stages of the intellectual life.

Current Criticism

CARLYLE TO JANE WELSH.—After writing the last long letter to you, I seriously inclined myself to the concoction of some project in the execution of which we two should go hand in hand. I formed a kind of plan, and actually commenced the filling of it up. We were to write a most eminent novel in concert; it was to proceed by way of letters; I to take the gentleman, you the lady. The poor fellow was to be a very excellent character, of course; a man in the middle ranks of life, gifted with good talents and a fervid, enthusiastic turn of mind, learned in all sciences, practised in many virtues—but tired out, at the time I took him up, with the impediments of a world by much too prosaic for him, entirely sick of struggling along the sordid bustle of existence, where he could glean so little enjoyment but found so much acute suffering. . . . Already all seems over with him, he has hinted about suicide, and rejected it scornfully—but it is evident he cannot long exist in this,

to him, most blasted, waste and lonely world—when you—that is, the heroine—come skipping in before him with your *espiègleries* and fervency, your 'becks and wreathed smiles,' and all your native loveliness. Why should I talk? The man immediately turns crazy about you. The sole being he has ever truly loved, the sole being he can ever love, the epitome to him of all celestial things, the shining jewel in which he sees reflected all the pleasures of the universe, the sun that has risen to illuminate his world when it seemed to be overshadowed in darkness forever. . . . For a while you laugh at him and torment him, but at length take pity upon the poor fellow and grow as serious as he is. Then, oh then! what a more than elysian prospect! But alas! Fate, &c., obstacles, &c. You are both broken-hearted and die, and the whole closes with a mortcloth, and Mr. Trotter and a company of undertakers.—*The Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT THE SOUTH.—Northern people appear to have formed strangely erroneous notions in regard to the literary feeling in the South. A distinguished New England writer not long ago made the broad assertion that Southern towns and cities were distinguished by the absence of book-stores. My own knowledge flatly contradicts the statement. I have seen these towns and cities and have been in their book-stalls. I may not dare begin a catalogue of the writers who, since the War, have drawn sharp and approving attention to the new literary movement in the Southern States. Tennessee has Miss Murfree, Alabama has Samuel Minturn Peck, Louisiana has Cable, Georgia has Harris, Virginia has James A. Harrison and Thomas Nelson Page, and Kentucky has Robert Burns Wilson. And there are the vacant seats in the choir where lately sat those noble brothers in song, Hayne and Lanier. Their songs will live on. It seems credible to me that the South should show, within the next few years, a very great growth in the field of creative literature, a growth of a rarer and more original fibre in art than anything yet seen in any part of our country. The reason for this prediction, if it may be called such a name, lies in the fertilizing power of the new relation which the South bears to all the world. Genius is as sensitive to a new environment as is litmus paper to the touch of acid.—*Maurice Thompson, at Nashville.*

AN AMERICAN NATURE-LOVER.—'We English,' says Mrs. Browning, in 'Aurora Leigh,' 'have a scornful, insular way of calling the French light.' The French, however, are not our only victims. We have a scornful, insular way of characterising all 'foreigners' by some rough-and-ready epithet, or epithets; and when the characterisation has once been made, we stick to it with true British pertinacity, regarding all facts which seem to invalidate it as necessarily 'exceptions' to a rule. The little volume before us [C. G. Whiting's 'Saunterer'] is, for example, a typical Yankee book; and yet no book could well be less suggestive of the go-ahead, 'high-falutin'' personage of popular English imagination, who figures in our novels and on our stage as the only true representative of the Western Republic. When we see a man like Mr. Jay Gould or the late George Francis Train, we exclaim, 'How American!' because we see something like a realisation of our ideal; when, on the contrary, we encounter a Hawthorne or an Emerson who in no way resembles it, we are apt to say, 'How un-American!' or possibly, 'How English!' And yet the latter men are as genuine and inevitable a product of the soil as the former. Just as fire may either harden or soften, according to the nature of the material submitted to its influence, so certain forces of race, climate, environment, tend to produce, under differing conditions, quite opposite types; and America owns as true a son in the meditative mystic of Concord as in the pushing speculator of Wall Street. The fine-spun idealism of the one is, indeed, a reaction from the coarse-woven materialism of the other, but half the vigour of its life is a product of energising conflict; and it would perhaps be hardly an exaggeration to say that the most characteristic philosophy and romance of America have been rendered possible by the 'go-ahead' speculator, and the political exponent of the doctrine of 'spread-eagleism.'—*The Spectator.*

MR. GOSSE ON SIDNEY'S 'ARCADIA.'—All through 1580 Spenser, as much the greater poet as Sidney was the greater man, was breaking away from the bondage of his friend, while Sidney was still pursuing the vain attempt, as the asclepiads and anacronics of the 'Arcadia' are enough to prove. But, indeed, that famous pastoral is, in a certain sense, one of the most interesting books that ever were published; in the eyes of the literary historian it is a belvedere from which he looks up and down the whole range of English literature. It is the great transitional or probationary book, in which the old is passing away and the new is coming in. In verse

it contains specimens of all the styles then fashionable, or defunct, or about to come into vogue. There are the quantitative failures of the Areopagus, there are long swinging pieces in the Golding or Turberville manner, there are sextains and sonnets in the new Italian fashion, there are rhyming dialogues, octosyllabics in the form that Greene and his friends were to adopt, all meeting in the verse-divisions of the 'Arcadia.' The prose bears the same transitional character, except that it leans more to one model, and is less original. I am afraid that the 'Arcadia' would never have been written, in the style that now characterizes it at least, if Lyly's 'Euphues' had not preceded it by a year. There seems to me to have been a distinct effort made by Sidney's numerous admirers to assert his originality in opposition to that of Spenser in poetry and Lyly in prose. It is difficult to see what else Nash meant by his diatribe against Lyly's 'miserable horn-pipes' in his Preface to the first edition of 'Astrophel and Stella.' Into this question, or into any critical consideration of the romance of the 'Arcadia,' it is impossible to go within such space as is here at my command. I would only venture to indicate it as deserving more patient attention than has yet been given to it, both in its relation to Spanish and Italian pastoral, and in its position as a precursor of the romantic tragi-comical drama in England ten or fifteen years later.—*The Contemporary Review*.

'SUMMER HAVEN SONGS.'—Mr. Morse's songs have more delicacy than strength. Perhaps their most distinctive quality—and it is a quality claiming grateful recognition in these days of affected cynicism and ostentatious despondency—is the sense of frank enjoyment which pervades them. Mr. Morse dwells in a serene and sunny climate, agitated by no real storms, and visited only now and then even by an April shower. He finds life good and pleasant, and though he cannot answer every question as to its meaning that his heart asks, he is satisfied that there *is* an answer to each, and that the 'somewhat in this world amiss shall be unriddled by and by.' . . . Many of the verses have a very genuine melody of their own, and here and there we come across a touch of charming archness. Mr. Morse has evidently been a reverent student of the old English song-writers. Herrick, in particular, has influenced him a good deal; Herbert, too, less obviously. We think, however, that Mr. Morse's ideas do not run naturally into their metrical moulds. He lacks that concentration and pithiness of expression which, more than any other quality, is exacted by those short-lined lyrical forms which he affects. Here, however, is a little ditty ['Beauty'] which—though the third stanza is inferior to the two preceding ones—Herrick himself need hardly have been ashamed to own.—*The Spectator*.

Magazine Notes.

THE editor of *The Forum* reads his public like a book, and if any part of the public does not read *The Forum* it is probably only that part for which fifty cents a month raises an impassable barrier. Religion and social science are prominent in the January number, as they usually are—the former represented by M. J. Savage, on 'The Religion of a Rationalist,' Dr. J. M. Buckley on 'The Morality of Ministers' (both striking articles), and by 'Confessions of a Congregationalist'; the latter by Judge Bennett's strong plea for 'National Divorce Legislation,' Col. T. W. Higginson's frank avowal of 'Unsolved Problems in Woman Suffrage,' and Rebecca A. Felton's exposure of the shocking 'Convict System of Georgia.' President Angell tells how he was educated, and it is pleasant to find one prominent teacher acknowledging deep obligations to many of those who taught him; Lieut. Zalinski writes on 'Submarine Navigation,' and J. C. Adams on 'Literary Log-rolling'; while Henry C. Lea scourges the 'People of Philadelphia' as Dr. Crosby, a little while ago, scourged the people of New York.

Mr. J. M. Stoddard, we understand, has assumed the business management of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The success of this periodical within the past year shows what new blood can do when infused into the editorial and business veins, as it were, of an old body. The February number will have for its complete novel 'A Self-made Man,' by Miss M. G. McClelland, author of *Oblivion*. The same number will contain a new story by Mrs. Wister, entitled 'Rothenburg Felicity,' after the German of Paul Heyse; a satire by Robert Grant; 'A Day with the President,' a bit of personal gossip; 'Our Actors and their Preferences,' by Charles E. L. Wingate, dramatic editor of the *Boston Journal*; and John Burroughs's 'Mere Egotism'—a sketch of his own career and a criticism of his works and literary methods.—Andrew Lang will open the February *Harper's* with a poem called 'The Fairy's Gift,' which the reader will be astonished to find is near-sightedness. Mr. Lang pleads his cause with great ingenuity and humor. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner will write of 'The Acadian Land' in the same

number.—Mrs. Lillie will begin a serial in the next issue of *Harper's Young People*, called 'The Colonel's Money.' It will be illustrated by F. Dielman, and run through twenty-eight numbers being thus the longest serial published in this periodical. This will be succeeded by a story of English military life, by George B. Perry, of the *Boston Globe*, late of Her Majesty's Army.—Since his retirement from the *Brooklyn Union*, Mr. John Foord has connected himself with the house of Harper & Bros., where his special duties will be in connection with the *Weekly*.—*Cassell's Family Magazine* offers \$25 for the best practical paper on 'The Domestic Service Difficulty in America.' For the terms of the competition, the editor should be addressed at his office, 739 Broadway.—Mr. Frank H. Doubleday, who has edited and managed *The Book Buyer* with so much energy and success, has been promoted to an important position in the publication department of *Scribner's Magazine*. Mr. Doubleday, who is not yet very far along in his twenties, entered the service of the Scribners when he was a small boy. Hard work and ability have won for him the place he now holds.

Miss Varina Davis has written an article on 'Irish Patriotism' which will appear in the February *North American Review*. It is said to be her first contribution to periodical literature.—Archdeacon Farrar is writing for *Harper's Monthly* a paper on 'America's Share in Westminster Abbey.'—The first number of *The Journal of Morphology* will not appear till March.—It is rumored that the office of *The Cosmopolitan* will soon be removed from Rochester to New York.—Lord Byron met Mme. de Staël at dinner at Sir Humphrey Davy's, the day after her arrival in London, and the following allusion to her occurs in his recollections published in the first number of *Murray's Magazine*:

I then saw around me but the men whom I heard daily in the Senate and met nightly in the London assemblies. I revered, I respected them; but I saw them; and neither beauty nor glory can stand this daily test. I saw the woman of whom I had heard marvels; she justified what I had heard, but she was still a mortal and made long speeches; nay, the very day of this philosophical feast in her honor she made very long speeches to those who had been accustomed to hear such only in the two houses. She interrupted Whitbread; she declaimed to Lord L.; she misunderstood Sheridan's jokes for assent; she harangued, she lectured, she preached English politics to the first of our English Whig politicians the day after her arrival in England, and, if I am not much misinformed, preached politics no less to our Tory politicians the day after.

Notes

PROF. E. A. FREEMAN, when requested by the Messrs. Putnam to write the story of a nation for their popular Nations Series, very much to their surprise selected Sicily—a land which, he argued, 'presents before all others the Story of the Nations, not of one only, but of all that have ever been of any moment in the Mediterranean.' The next volumes in this series will be Miss Sara Orne Jewett's 'Story of the Normans' and Mme. Ragozin's 'Story of Assyria.' The 'Story of Chaldaea,' by Mme. Ragozin, has been highly praised by Profs. Max Müller and Sayce in letters to Mr. George Haven Putnam.

—The second supplementary volume of McClintock and Strong's Religious Cyclopædia—the twelfth in the set, which it completes—will be issued in a few days by Harper & Bros.

—The following note appeared in the *Times* of last Monday:—'THE CRITIC has removed from No. 18 Astor Place to 743 Broadway, having acquired a three years' lease of new offices on the second floor of the building occupied by Charles Scribner's Sons. It has for a near neighbor on the same floor the new *Scribner's Magazine*, each periodical having four windows looking out on Broadway. THE CRITIC deserves prosperity. There is no literary journal in the country that approaches it or gives promise of approaching it.'

—Admirers of the genius of the late Irwin Russell will be glad to know that the poems of that young poet are being collected, and will soon be published by a New York house. Most of them are written in the negro dialect, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who is a master of negro folk-lore, will write an introduction to the book.

—The first of two lectures provided for by the will of the late Augustus Graham was given in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Sunday evening. Sir John William Dawson, of Canada, a prolific writer on scientific subjects, and President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, discussed 'The Development of the Divine Plan in the Physical History of the Earth and its Preparation for Man.' He confined himself to the discussion of evolution, which he claimed was not opposed to the generally accepted idea of God's purposes in relation to man.

—Mr. Wm. H. Bishop will deliver a free public lecture on 'Character and Dialect in Fiction,' at Columbia College, at half-past eleven o'clock this (Saturday) morning.

—'The Self-Revelation of God,' by Prof. Samuel Harris of Yale, will be published during the month by Charles Scribner's Sons, who also have in press, for early publication, 'Some Problems of Philosophy,' by Prof. Archibald Alexander, of Columbia.

—'The Yoke of the Thorah' is the title of Sidney Luska's new story, which will be published serially in Mr. S. S. McClure's syndicate of newspapers.

—Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are about to join the publishers who hover about Lafayette and Astor Places. They have leased the premises at 18 and 20 Astor Place, under the floor occupied by Taintor Brothers & Co. and formerly by THE CRITIC also.

—The first three of the ten fortnightly free lectures arranged for by the Industrial Education Association are on 'Education in Handicraft,' by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, Friday, Jan. 7th, 'Emancipation of the Public School,' by Superintendent S. T. Dutton, of New Haven, Jan. 21st, and 'The Nature and Development of Sense Perception,' by Superintendent Thomas M. Balliet, of Reading, Pa., Feb. 4th. These lectures will be given at 9 University Place, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

—Cupples, Upham & Co. will republish at once 'The Creed of Andover Theological Seminary,' by the Rev. D. T. Fiske.

—M. P. Handy, Erastus Brainerd, Louis N. Megargee and D. B. Waggener have become the sole proprietors of the Philadelphia *Daily News*, and reduced its price from two cents to one.

—The first volume of the writings of Benjamin Franklin will be published by the Putnams this month. Two-thirds of the edition are already subscribed for, and the undertaking promises to be quite as successful as the Hamilton. They will also publish quite soon a volume on 'Railway Reform,' by Gen. E. P. Alexander, in the Questions of the Day Series; 'The Conflict of East and West in Egypt,' by John Eliot Bowen, son of the proprietor of *The Independent*; and 'The Fall of Maximilian's Empire as Seen from a United States Gunboat,' by Lieut. Seaton Schroeder.

—Before the Nineteenth Century Club, last Tuesday evening, Prof. Boyesen eulogized George Eliot as a great literary artist, and Julian Hawthorne questioned her right to the title.

—The scene of J. T. Wheelwright's new book, 'The Child of the Century,' is laid principally in Washington, though the action begins in Boston, and is transferred to an ocean steamship, and to one or two European localities before all the characters are brought together in the national Capital. The Scribners will publish it.

—James A. McMaster, who died last week, had been the editor and proprietor of *The Freeman's Journal* for over forty years. Maurice F. Egan, his associate, succeeds him in the editorship of the paper as a matter of course.

—John Boyle O'Reilly's new book will be called 'The Country with a Roof.'

—Miss Kate Hillard, who has made a special study of Dante, is translating his prose work, 'Il Convito,' and hopes to have it ready in about a year. The work will contain translations of the notes and comments of the best Italian editors, and of the dedicatory epistle to Can Grande, and also all the references found in the 'Convito' to Dante's other writings. Full consideration will be given to the different theories concerning Beatrice. Miss Hillard is now in Rome.

—Ginn & Co. announce that they have decided to print Minto's 'Manual of English Prose Literature' themselves, instead of importing the sheets, and to reduce the price from \$2.00 to \$1.50.

—Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer in old and rare books, paid \$3,225 the other day for a perfect copy of Caxton's translation of 'The Game and Playe of Chesse,' the first of the old printer's books that bears a date. For John Brereton's tract, 'The Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia,' he paid \$1,325.

—Mr. H. K. Elliott, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, has written a novel of New York life in the palmy days of the Ninth Ward, which Cassell & Co. will soon publish. Its title is 'The Common Chord.'

—Mr. Gottsberger has the following works in press: 'The Martyr of Golgotha,' by Enrique Perez Escrich, from the Spanish by Adèle Josephine Godoy; 'The Bride of the Nile,' by Georg Ebers, from the German by Clara Bell; 'Leon Roch,' by B. Perez Galdós, from the Spanish by Clara Bell; 'La Baigneuse de Brousse,' by Leila-Hanoum, translated by Gen. R. E. Colston; 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' by Octave Feuillet, translated by J. Henry Hager; 'Tales of Hellas,' by P. Mariager, from the Danish by Mary J. Safford; 'The Invalid's Own Book,' a collection of recipes from various books and various countries, by Lady Cust;

'The Cossacks,' by Léon Tolstoï, from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler; 'The Story of Jewad,' by Ali Aziz Efendi, translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb; and a new and revised edition of 'Poems' by Rose Terry Cooke.

—From 'Literary Leaves' in *The Star*, we learn that Gen. Lew Wallace has determined to devote the remainder of his days to literature, in which profession he has met with exceptional success. The same paragraph describes his methods of work:—'He shapes his plots, conceives his characters, and completes his works, all but the mere writing, entirely on his feet, while walking across the floor of his study, or rambling through the garden attached to his Indiana home. His residence is a wooded estate, where the author can roam at his leisure and be as quiet as if he were a thousand miles in the wilderness, instead of in the centre of commercial activity.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1224.—On page 190 of Prof. Painter's 'History of Education' I find certain lines beginning 'I am old and blind,' which Prof. Painter quotes as having been written by Milton. I have seen these lines elsewhere subscribed by the name of Elizabeth Lloyd Howell. Who is the real author of the poem?

NEW YORK.

G. M.

No. 1225.—Can any one of your readers tell who is the author of the following lines: 'Superstition is religion out of fashion and religion is superstition in fashion?'

NEW YORK.

W. B.

No. 1226.—Which is considered the better Shakspeare, White's or Knight's?

FRANKLIN, PA.

F. L. B.

[Several editions of Shakspeare are popularly known as Knight's—the Library, National, Stratford, etc.—because the text was prepared by him; but the only Knight's for students and critics is the pictorial edition, the first volume of which appeared in 1839, and a revised issue of which was brought out in 1866. It consists of seven octavo volumes, including one devoted to the 'Doubtful Plays.' The Biography, in another volume of the same size and style, is usually sold with it. From the first, this edition has taken its place among the 'standards' reckoned as indispensable by the critical scholar. The text is the most conservative, in its adherence to the first folio, of all the great modern editions; and the revised edition shows little vacillation in loyalty to that venerable authority. The chief value of Knight's, however, is in its introductory and supplementary notices of each play, and the 'illustrations' appended to each act—these last being a series of more extended notes than those given at the foot of each page of the text. In the introductions, in addition to the usual history of the text and of the plot, special sections are devoted to the 'period of the action and manners,' and to the 'scenes and costume.' No other edition, except Halliwell-Phillips's costly Folio, contains anything more than casual allusions to these matters, on which Knight is so full and so trustworthy. The pictorial illustrations are, moreover, largely of a historical and archaeological character—old portraits, costumes, furniture, architecture, monuments, and antiquities of every sort that can throw any light upon the text. These are carefully selected from original sources for the most part inaccessible to the majority of students and readers; and they are of exceeding interest and value. The 'character' illustrations are of less merit, being, to our thinking, inferior to Gilbert's in Staunton's edition. We may remark, incidentally, that Knight's illustrations were mostly reproduced in Verplanck's excellent edition, published by the Harpers in 1847, and long since out of print (the plates having been destroyed by fire in 1853)—the first critical edition by an American editor—and they also form the bulk of the illustrations in Rolfe's edition. The supplementary notices in Knight's are on the characters and other subjects of aesthetic criticism. They are always good, and sometimes very good; but the peculiar value of the edition is nevertheless almost exclusively due to the illustrative matter, literary and pictorial, already mentioned. If we could have only two or three of the leading critical editions, this should certainly be one of them. Of Grant White's two editions, the one for the scholar is the earlier, in twelve volumes, the price of which is now reduced to \$12; but if the choice were between this and Knight's, we should unhesitatingly take the latter. The former contains much original matter of indisputable value, which the critical student cannot afford to be ignorant of; but for ordinary working purposes he will find Knight's far more useful, unless he has access to the great folios of Halliwell-Phillips mentioned above. The recent Riverside Edition of White's is a popular, not a critical, one.]